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VOL. XXX---NO. 47.

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The Sun. CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.

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ORIST WORK A SPECIALTY. The patronage of the public respectfully solicited.
June 8, 1371—iv WM. IL FREEMAN.

[ We find in a late number of Hearth and Home, the following poem by Emma Alice Browne. She sings as sweetly as ever. with a depth and maturity of feeling which her early writings, when a little girl trip-

and Big Elk, did not possess .- Ed.] Benny's Christmas Box.

All in the shrill December,
When the sunset's pallid gold
Wrapt with a chilly splendor
The hill-tops, far and cold,
My winsome, brown-eyed Benny,
Flushed with frolic and play,
Leaned on my lap, in the firelight,
To talk of the Christmas day.

His eager face uplifted, His eager face upinted,
His rosy lips apart,
And the tumbled gold of his curly hair
Lying against my heart,
"Mamma, do you think Kiss Tinkle
Will bring us a Christmas-tree?"
He lisped, "and will he remember
A little boy like me?"

And I answered softly clasping

The small hands never at rest:
"Yes, dear, for the good Saint Nicholas
Loveth the wee ones best.
And what would my darling wish for,
To hang on the wonderful tree?"
"A Christmas-box," he whispered,
"That locks with a tiny key! "And in it my prettiest playthings,
And the picture of Baby Nan,
I'd lock away—with a curl of your hair—
To keep till I grow a man!"
And I stooped and kissed him, battling
With the sorrow of long ago,
As I thought of the little hill-side grave,
And the bright head under the snow.

. . . . . . . . . Twas Christmas eve, and softly The sunset's purple sheen Folded the far bleak hill-slopes, And the quiet vales between;
And a shadow—not of the twilight—
Over the household fell, As there smote on the evening silence
The boom of a passing bell!

Four silvery chimes, that numbered The sum of his sinless years,
Struck slow on the arid heart that pent
The wrestling fount of tears;
And I hid from the mocking glory Of the chill night, rising fair,
The frozen mask of a face that veiled
A childless love's despair!

All day I bad held my darling, His faint red lips apart, [curls And the tumbled gold of his death-damp Lying against my heart;
And once, when the wintry sunshine
Streamed over his forehead white,
Ho smiled and whispered: "Mamma,
Will the Christ-Child come to-night?

"Sing to me, dearest manma,
The hymn that I love the best,
How Jesus loveth the little ones,
And gathers them to his breast!
And I sang, till, sweet and saintly,
The light that is never shed
On sea or land, fell upon him,
The smile of the sinless dead!

In the hush of the holy dawning, And a glimmer of rosy flame, Over the blushing hill-tops The radiant Christmas camo And our beautiful boy lay sleeping,

In spotless garments dressed, His fair hands softly clasping The white cross on his breast; In a dainty, rose-lined casket, With lilies at head and feet, And the morning sunshine falling Around him, hushed and sweet; And hidden under the blossoms,

The locket he used to wear, With the picture of Baby Nanny, And a curl of his mother's hair. Far out on the dreary hill-side And the brooding moonlight covers
Two little lonely graves;
And I think with a pang of God's sweet
Tenderly laid away
In the Christmas-box he wished for

And the narrow house of clay! A Magnificent Description.

We lay leaning over the bows, now looking

up at the mist blown in never-ending volumed sheets, now at the sail swelling in the wind before which it fled, and again down at the water through which our boat was ploughing its evanescent furrow. We could see very little. Portions of the shore would now and then appear, dim, like reflections from a tarnished mirror, and then fade back into the depths of cloudy dissolution. Still it was growing lighter, and the man who was on the outlook became less anxious in his forward gaze, and less frequent in his calls to the helmsman .-I was lying half over the gunwale, looking, into the strango-colored water, blue dimmed with undissolved white, when a cry from Charles made me start and look up. It was indeed a God-like vision. The mist yet rolled thick below, but away up, far away and far up, yet as if close at hand. the clouds were broken into a mighty window, through which looked in upon us a huge mountain peak, swathed in snow .-One great level band of darker clouds crossed its breast, above which rose the peak, triumphant in calmness, and stood unutterably solemn and grand, in clouds as white all the time! I sank on my knees in the boat and gazed up. With a sudden sweep the clouds curtained the mighty window, and the Jungfrau withdrew into its Holy of Hoiles. I am painfully conscious of the helplessness of my speech. The vision vanishes from the words as it vanished from the bewildered eyes. But from the mind it glorified it has never vanished .-I have been more ever since that sight .-To have beheld a truth is an opotheosis.— What the truth was I could not tell: but I had seen something which raised me above my former self and made me long to rise higher yet. It awoke worship, and a belief in the incomprehensible divine; but admitted of being analyzed no more than, in that transient vision, my intellect could -ero drawing it vanished-analyze it into the deserts of rock, the gulfs of green ice and flowing water, the savage solitudes of snow, the mysterious miles of draperied mist that went to make up the vision, each

Cumbermede," by George McDonald, in Scribner's Monthly for March. WISHING TO BO YOUNG .- "Give me back my youth again!" did you say? Friend, 'tis a mistake. Ten to one you wouldn't have it again if you could. If old Time were to come bodily to you to-day, saying, Take back, O wise middle-age Noodle, these twenty past years of your life, with her. all the pains and disappointments which have made you clear-sighted and soundheaded, with all the silly actions you perpetrated in those days, and all the occasions on which you made a long-eared doukey of do, be and suffer it all again; be in short, hearty hopes to one delorous wail for they had better discharge her." your lost youth, that you answer, " Pass on Father Time! 'And you may as well tip Fanny," replied Mr. Grey. "Are you not hose twenty golden sand grains back into aware that you lose your character if sent the lower half of your hour-glass. I do away under such a charge consequently

and all essential thereto. - From "Wilfrid

From Woods' Household Magazine. ELLEN. BY MRS. M. A. E. RIPLEY.

[Concluded.1 CHAPTER II.

Edward and Ellen Merton, were portionless orphans, and had entered the family of Mr. Grey, a few months previous to the events recorded in the last chapter. Their mother was a younger sister of Mrs. Grey, but weak, indulgent, and vain, she had neglected one child and ruined the other. Mr. Merton, severe to a fault, from any with fear. deviation of the strict principles of truth and integrity, had been kept in ignorance of much that was dishonorable and selfish in his boy's conduct.

Still he had often been pained by a want of truthfulness in his child's character; dering from one to another, with a helpnor could all his impulsive generosity, nor his undoubted ability, hide from the anxious parent the total want of integrity, A low exclamation of horror escaped from which is the foundation of all character. When the mother, in palliation of his Grey turned his stern face towards her.

faults, would speak of his marvelous beauty, generosity; the father would turn sickenhunch-back and a fool, than prostitute his expulsion from the house?" mind and his person to what I see lies inevitably before him, unless he learns to pursue the right, from a love of it."

To his pale, sickly little daughter, the father turned with a yearning fondness unuterable. Slighted by her mother, and often thoughtlessly ridiculed by the brother, upon whom she looked as the ly, the unmistakable sign of her uncombrightest and most beautiful being of promising silence. earth, the little heart would have been crushed, had it not been for the paternal see you," cried poor Fanny, wringing her the iron grasp of pain, her only sign of Oh, say you didn't!" consciousness being the faint pressure of his hand, as he smoothed the hair from her

with some refreshing drought. Her love for him was idolatry, her father's to remain for five years." smile her sweetened reward, his frown the most dreaded punishment. When death you, I never want to come back where I all the evidence, the family were that night snatched him away from her, his last words | have been so miscrable! burnt themselves into her heart as with a A cry of "cruel, ungrateful," rose from pen of fire. "Ellen, as you love me, watch the children. Roland's eye flashed, and

your brother." How miserably understood we have seen. Her mother only lived long enough after her hand. her father's death to impress upon the mind of the shrinking, sensitive child, a of his watch, but he shall not be the sufpainful sense of her responsibility in this ferer. I will provide him with another," respect, as she was warned of the stearnness of Mr. Grey, to whom they were to be intrusted, and of the natural severity of their Aunt, whom they had never seen.

"Ellen for my sake, shield my beautiful boy," and thus her mother left her. Naturally demonstrative, affectionate and lively, Eddie soon recommended himself to the relations who had heretofore been strangers to him, and won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact.

His decided ability made him an especial favorite of his teacher; and for the little faults occasionally discernable in his character, abundant apology and indulgence were always accorded.

The pale, quiet, and shrinking Ellen was

on the contrary, an object of suspicion, almost of dislike to the different members of the family. The epithets sullen and morese, were too often applied to her, and if falsehood and duplicity were not coupled with them, it was because Mrs. Grey's tenderness forbade it. The management of the little girl was,

however, evidently becoming such a trial to her aunt, that Mr. Grey had more than once declared that she should no longer be annoved by her humors: that he would on the very next offense, send her off to a boarding school.

This is to the minds of the loving, affectionate children, who had been long accustomed to the gentle influence and management of their mother, was the aeme of all punisment, and one which brought out a "I will defer the disclosure until after eculiar degree of sympathy toward the culprit. It was at the breakfast table the next morning that Mr. Grey remarked:

"Mr. Davy is to distribute prizes next week, and I will have some of my own privately prepared for the successful com-

petitors. Look out boys!" "If that is the case, Uncle Grey, I will go at once and review my morning recitation." said Eddie laughing. Will you excuse me, Aunt Lucy? my fishing party yesterday interfered, somewhat, with

Homer and Cicero." Mrs. Grey smilingly bowed her assent, and as Eddie left the room, his Uncle said: "Wife, if you will get me Eddie's watch, I'll have it repaired, that I may surprise him with it on the adjudgment of the prizes. He is rather young to be intrusted with such a valuable one, but he has showas its own whiteness. It had been there ed so much industry, and is so boyishly anxious for the time piece, I thigk we might indulge, while rewarding him."

Mrs. Grey cheerfully assented, and left the room to get it. "Are you sick, Ellen?" said Alice. The

face of the child had flushed to a crimson which as quickly receding, left her deadly pale. She shook her head utterly unable to

lift her cup to her lips. "What is the matter, Ellen?" asked her incle kindly. "Nothing," she whispered, bending over

her plate. At that moment Mrs. Grey returned. "Have you not removed the watch, Mr. Grey?" she said anxiously.

"Certainly not," he replied, decidedly. "Well, it is gone," she said. "Gone! mother!" cridd Robert, a youth f seventeen, who was still at the table.

"It is nowhere to be found," she an-

wered. "It's case is there, but it is

empty. I cannot account for it." "Who goes to your room?" asked Mr. "No one but Fanny," replied Mrs. Grey.

"but I cannot believe---"
"Let her be called," interrupted Mr. Ellen here rose quietly, and was passing

from the room, when Mr. Grey detained

"Keep your seat, Ellen," he said sternly. The child fell rather than sat down upon the chair. An ominous silence pervaded the room till Fanny's appearance. Much to Mrs. Grey's surprise, she evi-

ourself; worry through a second time all denced an unaccountable hesitancy in her he tight boots and tribulations, all the replies, until at length bursting into tears oothaches and heartaches of your youth; she declared she did not think she would ever live to see the day her master and misonce more just the soft young Noodle you tress would suspect her of dishonesty, and were twenty years ago, '-ten of manhood's if they no longer had confidence in her "You do not know what you are saying,

your means to obtain a living?"

"I know it, sir," she sobbed, "but I would rather go than bring trouble." "I do not understand you, Fanny," said

Mr. Grey, "you must explain yourself."

"Didn't see who take it, you have gone too far now, Fanny, you evidently know something about it, and I will know."

"Oh, Miss Ellen," cried Fanny, suddenly. "I could't help it, and I didn't see you

neither." Every eye was turned upon poor Ellen. She sat as if petrified; her large eyes wanless look that was pitiable.
" You, Ellen!" said Mrs. Grey, recoiling,

the younger members of the family. Mr. "And you would not only stoop to such his wonderful ability, his spasmodic fits of a deed, but sit calmly by, and see the innocent condemned as guilty; knowing, too, ing from the recital, saying, "Better be a the consequences which would follow her

> Ellen did not answer. "Where is the watch?" said Mr. Grey fter a pauso.

"I-it is lost," she whispered. "Lost! how so?" he asked, still more sternly. The lips compressed themselves resolute-

"Oh Miss Ellen, don't look so. I didn't love that watched over her so fondly .- hands. "I was in Misse's room, and I Many and many an hour, the father had only saw you go to the drawer in the dresswatched the little sufferer, while held in ing room; maybe you didn't take anything.

Ellen gave a shivering sigh. "Well, wife, this seals her future. hot temples, or cooled her fevered lips Within one month you go to boarding school," he said, turning to Ellen, "there

> "Oh, uncle, will you? thank you, thank the children. Roland's eye flashed, and even the gentle Bertie gave her a look of Grey had determined that as Ellen's con-

"I shall have to tell Edward of the loss

said Mr. Grey. But hero Ellen sprang towards her uncle, and before he could prevent her, seized his hand, and falling upon her knees, cried:-"Oh, Uncle Grey, if you have any pity, please do not tell him about it; I will submit to any punishment; I will go anywhere; I will never ask to see any of you again; but do not tell Eddie. Let me suffer all .-Do not cloud his happy prospects with the thought of his sister's shame." She sank

on the floor moaning in her anguish. "Ellen, I do not understand you," said her incle, striving to raiso her; but she resisted his efforts. "What shame of discovery can equal the guilt of the act? Such anguish for the discovery, such want of penitence over the sin. Once more Ellen." he said, as he forced her to stand, "What prompted you to it, and what have you

done with it?" No answer save a look of supplication. "You have, at different times, sold little you not to tell Edward!" pieces of jewelry, did you dispose of this to supply any need which your Aunt or I said the boy, actuated by one of his sudden failed to discover?"

No answer save the look of intense looking away, said, "I cannot understand this sullen silence. The only point upon which she seems vulnerable is Edward. I would at once tell him the facts, but just now for his sake—" he sternly continued, turning to Ellen, who had clasped her hands in entreaty.

his examination is over. Leave the room Ellen. I do not wish to see you again, until you are prepared to leave my house." An expression of intense relief passed over the face of the child, as she wearily turned away.

Mrs. Grey's eyes followed her; the pale face, the heavy eyes, with their deep, dark rings beneath the drooping figure, the unutterable sadness of the countenance, touched her heart.

Her eyes filled with tears as Ellen passed from the room. "Ilusband," she said, "do not let your decision be unalterable, my heart yearns over that woe-begone child. I cannot explain it, but I feel there is some impelling reason for Ellen acting thus. Let us

watch and wait a little longer." "Do not ask it Lucy," roplied Mr. Grey. "I have heard substantially the same apology for her, for every offense she has yet committed; for my part, I feel as if the stant reproach to her uncle, as he rememstearnest measures were necessary to support this growing tendency to evil in her nature. She must be placed under strict surveilance, and the slightest deviation from truth and rectitude, punished swiftly and surely. Your gentle Government is altogether at fault here, my dear wife .families sometimes require their penitenreply, as her trembling hand endeavered to tiaries, and their prisons, as well as government. ernments, and though I grant you the

cases are rare, this is one of them." " Oh master, you ain't going to send Miss Ellen to jail?" cried poor Fanny, falling on her knees before him. "May the blessed Lord forgive me, if I have brought the poor child to such trouble! Oh, master, oh, mistres, if you could see her as I have-on her knees beside her little bed, praying for you both, for you all, and that God would fitted for the duties which lie before me, if give her strength even to die for his sake, and that her dear father-whom she loved like an idel, if he is dead,-would your gentle teachings I owe it, Aunt Lucy, look down on her, and bless his poor, little and well may your children rise up and daughter, and make her strong to suffer, you would think, like me she was a dear little angel, and I'm thinking if things don't change," said Fanny, rising, and increasby trying to please everybody! If such an ing in boldness, "it's not to jail you'll be sending her, but by a short road to heaven. Fanny's speech seemed to electrify the

whole party. The children were shocked at this boldness to "papa." Mrs. Grey, trembling in eagerness to hear something in justification of the child, and Mr. Grey's suspicions aroused to discover

all that Fanny knew. "If you know anything that will tend, in the least degree, to justify your little favorite, it is your duty, for your own sake, as well as for hers, to let it be known, instantly," said Mr. Grey. "And now that you have aroused my suspicions, it ecomes my duty to insist upon it." "I think if folks would choose to see, they

would see it was all along of Master Edward," replied Fanny, a little sullenly.
"Edward!" replied Mr. Grey. "Impossible!"
"Why, Fanny!" half whispered the hildren.

—Nover chew your words. Open the mouth and let the words come out. A student once asked: "Can viriling, fortichede, gratichade, or quiechade dwell with that man who is a stranger to rectichade? Edward," replied Fanny, a little sullenly.

children.

Rowland glanced at his mother. She

grew very pale; but did not speak. "Yes, I knew how it would be if I spoke," replied the girl, "but mother sells "I have nothing to explain," still sobbed | the cake and beer that Master Eddie is se the girl, in great excitement- "I didn't fond of, and when he spends his allowance see her take it, I didn't see anybody take and runs in debt, it's always paid just after Miss Ellen (bless her heart,) sells a ring or a little brooch, or something of the kind; and I know when I gather the clothes for the wash, her handkerchiefs don't smell of The cockroach is a bug of large size. He Mr. Grey was a magistrate, and the cake, nor have bits of icing sticking to is easy to domesticate, and yields gracefully object of Fannie's especial reverence, a thom, nor they are not stained with necta- to ordinary kindness. He is one of a reverence, however largely intermingled rine juice, either," said Fanny, signifi-

cantly. Roland drew a hard breath. The girls

aroused, proceeded. "I don't reckon it was Master Roland either, that whistled on the stairs when Miss Ellen was crossing the passage with the watch, causing the dear little heart nearly to faint with fright, 'just for him,' and I don't reckon she was with you fishing, neither, and so got a piece of fish-line tangled in the broken chain, and I can go and show it to you. If young gentlemen want to keep secrets, they oughtn't to talk so loud and bold as Master Edward."
The family sat in perfect silence till it

was produced. "This is fearful," said Mr. Groy, as the

links in the evidence developed. "You all could see nothing but his hand some looks and smart ways. He didn't think it necessary to put on much before a poor creature like me, and sent me ' to the devil" whenever he chose to-nice gentleman-humbugging you all, and killing his sister."

"That will do, Fanny," said Mr. Grey, "You shall have no cause to complain in the future. You are dismissed."

Roland's testimony supplied some miss ing links, such as Edward's avoidance of him, and a bravado declaration of his, repeated by Tom Jones, "that he would wear a watch, as fine a one, too, as Roland Grey, man as he thought himself to be." By prompt measures and good fortune

Mr. Grey succeeded in recovering the watch from its watery bed, and after collecting summoned to the library, as usual, for family prayer.

reproach. Mrs. Grey sat with her head on demnation had been public, her justification should be equally so. At the close of the worship, and before the family had left their seats, Mr. Groy said, "Edward, are you aware that your father's valuable watch has been abstracted

as stolen?"

ward-your sister!"

Uncle! how so?" "We are trying to discover," replied the cud. They are good feeders. The if we may so speak, sick at heart and at

two culprits, Fanny, and-think of it Ed-

ing, "please Uncle," was answered by can be learned a great many amusing supporting her before his father." "Come genus. They can all root well. forward, Fanny," said Mr. Grey. "Oh, Uncle." cried Ellen, sinking at his feet,

generous impulses. "I am the guilty one. I am the double-dyed thief that sent my pleading. Mr. Grey could not meet it, and poor sister to obtain the watch, for the petty gratification of wearing it to the fishing party. I have been the offender,

throughout, and the only one that deserves punishment." Mr. Grey's brief, stern words, as he held cries of "my child! my child!" as springing forward, she caught Ellen, who had sunk into insensibility. It took many, many weary days of unceasing love and care to nurse the frail little body back to health again, and months of prayer and it is first made it tastes like turpentine and achieved a conquest over the photogratender instruction to convince the mind of its error, and show how a continued course of such deception was not only defeating her parents' desires and her own hopes, but drinkist as a rifle ball to a mosquito. bringing temporal and spiritual ruin upon

one she would have given her life to save. It was deemed best for Edward to be removed to sterner influence and stricter care, and the loving heart which had drooped at the announcement, soon had cause to bless the wisdom which had so devised .-His letters, indicating a hearty and honest penitence, were proved in his periodical visits to be sincere; though it was long

before Mr. Grey could grant him either forgiveness or confidence.

The pale face of little Ellen was a conbered his former harshness, and her conse quent suffering. Involuntarily his voice took a tenderer tone, when addressing her, and there was nothing so grateful to him as to hear the affectionate child declare, when recovering from those hydra-headed headaches, "You nurse me just like Uncle

Grev." If it had been possible to spoil the sweet, unselfish nature, there would have been a danger of spoiling her now, but it was Mrs. Grey's care to guard that she should not sink into a listless inactivity, nor into morbid sensitiveness. How wisely she guided her. Ellen lived to acknowledge and bless, and when blushing into healthy and beautiful womanhood, she gave her hand to one everyway worthy of her, she declared, "If in God's providence I can ever fill the true position of wife and mother, it is to call you blessed."

WITHOUT AN ENEMY .- Heaven help the

man who imagines he can dodge enemies

individual ever succeeded, we should be glad of it-not that one should be going through the world trying to find beams to knock and thump his head against, disputing every man's opinions, fighting and elbowing, and crowding all who differ from him. That, again, is another extreme .-Other people have their opinions-so have you ! don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear yor own colors in spite of wind and weather, storm and sunshine. It costs the vacilating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuftle and twist than it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

"Natril History."

WHOLE NO. 1562

ABSTRACT OF JOSH BILLINGS' LECTURE OF Natural history is the science above. All gle have a biography. Although the ant s several sizes smaller than the elephant, it has the same biography as he has. The instincts of animals are their biography. numerous family, and may often be seen with the naked eye climbing the sugar-

as what they get into. There is nothing more interesting to notice than a rooster. He is the prizefighter of birds. Roosters, as a class, do but little household work. They employ their time in crowing and strutting.

is ready for use in fifteen days. Their food

does not seem to be so much what they eat

The bugbear comes from an imaginary egg, and is hatched in an imaginary manner. They are composed of the bug and

place. The lecturer then read an essay on kissing. The only way to deserve a kiss, he said, was to take one, and then sit down dow and look over the way to your neighand sing. Kissing an unwilling pair of bor's excellent mansion which he has relips has but little poetry in it. Kissing, cently built and paid for, and sigh out: "O like other good things, is anonymous.— that I were a rich man!"

Adam got the first kiss. He was not the Get angry with your neighbor and think man who could pass such a hand. Angle you have not a friend in the world. Shed worms are of earth-earthy, and crawl for a tear or two, and take a walk in the burial

subbed on the back of a man's neck, will "When shall I be buried here?" cure falsehood-if it kills the man. Tree toads are the only branch of the toad fam- get your kindness, and every hour in the ily that can climb a tree without boasting. day whisper to yourself: I wonder if he When a toad is on a tree, he conforms to will ever pay that note? the customs of the tree. They are good

ingers. They have more music than voice. wit: the pestiferous. They have a large owner to a great deal of trouble. mount of antiquity. Eve was imposed | Put confidence in nobody, and believe ipon by a snake. They travel on the lower overy man you trade with to be a regue. side of themselves, and go most fluently down hill. They are amphibious, and help it. Never visit the sick or afflicted, those who infest the water is the eel.

Mud turtles live in the shell of a house poor.

to which they get attached. They belong Buy to the class known as a close corporation. the lowest mill. Grind the faces and They never build a house; they cannot fill hearts of the unfortunate. from your Aunt's drawer, and is considered A suffocating gasp from Ellen's corner mouse in a box trap. He who does a good horrors of distress and poverty. was almost lost in Edward's noisy "Lost! thing secretly steals a march on Heaven .-

cating, but not good chewing. "Ellen! impossible sir!" replied the boy, flushing deeply. "So, I think," They existed a long time before the flood. The swine has almost always four legs. your heart. "Ellen, come forward." A low plead- and never ask any questions. The swine

The smallest animal of the brute profes-"do not blame any one but me. I will low places and bite worse than the mosyou ever catch a flea, kill him before you do anything else.

crow is actually worse than a quack doc- young lady is graced with a tail, but the tor. They live on what they can find, and can flud anything if not tied fast. They of her tongue-which she can roll up comare not considered fine cating by good pletely in her mouth-her excellent appeup the watch before the astonished gaze of lidges. Nature made the crow and I tite, her restlessness, etc., strikingly remind one of the agile and amusing animals in Jersey lightning is cider brandy three the Zoological Gardens. Signorina Gamours old, and quicker than a flash. Three | bardella's intellectual capacity is said to doses will tan a man's throat. If a man can survive the first three years, he is all She is a great favorite with the public, right for seventy-five years more. When medical and otherwise, and appears to have

> a man think he has swallowed a gas light. One bottle of sarsaparilla is as fatal to the The clam is a bulbous plant, and resides on the under side of the water. He is early deserted by his parents, and never travels much except on his muscle. Clams was first discovered in the same way that

measles was-by being ketched.

Cayenne pepper. The first horn will make

The hornet is a red-hot child of nature, of sudden conclusions and sharp impressions. These fiery creatures live in congregations, numbering a hundred souls. I never have examined their social relations closely. They build their nests wherever they choose, and are never disturbed .-They are always very busy. There is wislom in all bugs. Hornets are long lived. The monkey is the shadow of the human

Monkeys never grow any older-in beauty. They are sometimes kept as pets. The devil is a mean individual, and never keeps his promises. Success in life is very apt to make a man,

forget-when he wasn't much.

being. He has not got a classical head .-

He resembles a rat-terrier in his features.

The fox is a literary bird. He has been the hero of history, fable and song. He is also a game bird. He is a foul sinner .-He has no moral honesty. The goat has a sanguine disposition .-The male goat has a moustache on his lower lip. They can climb anything but a greased pole. What they cat seems to go

to appetite. They use the same language

as the sheep. The speaker then read an essay on tight boots. He said he would like to know who than great ones. invented them. Any man who can wear pair of tight boots, be humble, and not ndulge in profane literature, will make a good husband. Methuselah was the only man who could wear tight boots and enjoy them. Tight boots are an insult to any man's understanding.

Raccoon is a native American. He resides among the heavy timber and takes charge of the neighboring cornfields .-During the winter he ties himself up in a knot and goes to sleep by his fireside .-He is not a deprived vagabond like the alligator. He will, however, steal what he can't eat. I have tamed coons by the dozen, but I would advise no one to keep many on hand. If the raccoon would give his mind to politics, few could beat him. as the pail gets full.

Old dogs nurse their grudges, but young ones fight, and then play with each other. insect. How they are created I don't know.

like other human beings. Their principal food is everything. They have a remarkable memory for forgetting things. I believe Adjural history is the science above. All things that crawl, swim, fly, creep or wigh layer a higgraphy. Although the cast the first enes at the dinner table, and see a great deal of good society. A tly is a perfect gentleman. The lecturer, in conclusion, read short essays on cats and codfish.

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The cat, he said, is a domestic animal. They are as meek as Moses, but as full of uncertainties as Judas Iscariot. All there is about a cat that is domestic is that you bowl. He is born on the first of May and can't lose one. The most wonderful thing looked at each other, as Fanny, now fairly the first of September, semi-annually, and about a cat is death. You may kill one as much as you please, and he is as good as ever. They are very reasonable and very

plenty. The codfish is the fruit of the ocean, which accounts for their saltness. They want a good deal of freshening before and after they are eaten. They have been called the salt of the earth. The codfish is said to be an aristocrat, and claims to be a relation with the whale, but this is rather fishy.

ner. They are composed of the bug and the bear. They are like a young wild pigeon, the biggest when they are born.—
Bugbears are plenty in this world, but nobody ever sees them except those who have a dull gimlet or is boring in the wrong have a dull gimlet or is boring in the wrong

How to BE MISERABLE.—Sit by the win-

a living. It is said that angle worm oil, if ground, continually saying to yourself: Sign a note for a friend, and never for-

Think every body means to cheat you.-Closely examine every bill you take, doubt I'divide all kinds of snakes into one heap, its being genuine till you have put the

> Never accommodate if you can possibly and never give a farthing to assist the Buy as cheap as you can; screw down to

it themselves. Love is like the measles .- Brood over your misfortunes, your lack We can't have it but once, and the later in of talents, and believe that at no distant life we have it, the tougher it goes with day you will come to want. Let the workus. A coquette in love acts as silly as a house be ever in your mind, with all the

Follow these recipes strictly, and you

The goose is a grass animal, but can't chew | will be miserable to your heart's content-

Mr. Grey, gravely. "Suspicion points at goose lays one egg at a time, in which the variance with all the world. Nothing will gosling lies hid. The goese is very good cheer or encourage you-nothing throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of light into -A splendid illustration of Dr. Darwin's heory has turned up in Vienna. There is a girl there, aged thirteen, a native of Pal-Roland putting his arm around her, and things. Swine has a great deal of contrary ermo, Therese Gambardella, who is literally covered with hair so thickly that the Vienna papers pronounce her skin more. sion is the pesky flea. They spring from like a fur than anything else. The famous Julia Pastrana is described as perfectly confess it all. I took it; punish me as you quito, and oftener, because they bite as smooth compared with the new claimant will; I am the offender, but oh, I begged they run. One flea will fly all over any to celebrity, whose hairy covering extends body in two minutes. It is impossible to from head to feet, even the forchead, which do anything well with a flea on you except in similar cases is said to have been invariswear, and they are not afraid of that. If ably found bare, being entirely overgrown. The head closely resembles that of a monkey, and several abnormities in the build Next to the monkey the crow has the of the body still further complete the most deucedness to spare. An educated resemblance. We do not hear whether the

shape of her jaws and teeth, the pliability

one of the agile and amusing animals in

correspond with her prepossessing exterior.

phers, who are quarreling for the honor of taking her likeness. How to Bring a Lover Back.—Before war had closed the gates, and life was still going on in Paris, a young and pretty woman presented herself at the gallery of a celebrated Paris photographer, and expressed a wish to have her picture taken. As the artist was adjusting the camera, the lady proceeded to pose herself by drawing a pistol and placing it to her temple.-What are you doing, madam?" cried the astonished photographer. "I really cannet permit you to blow your brains out here; it would ruin my business; besides, it is a shame to spoil so pretty a face."-"I don't intend to do anything of the sort," answered the lady. "My lover has left me, and I wish to send my photograph taken in this position, with word that if he does not soon return to my feet this will be the result." The photographer bowed,

CONSCIENCE. - A tender conscience is like the apple of a man's eyes; the least dust that gathers in it affects it. There is no surer and better way to know whother our consciences are dead and stupid than to observe what impression small sins has upon us. If we are not careful to avoid all appearances of evil, and to shun what looks like sin; if we are not so much troubled at the rising up of sinful desires in us, as we have been formerly, we may then conclude that our hearts are hardened and our consciences are stupefying, for a tender con-science, will no more allow of small sins

and executed the portrait, which it may be

hoped duly reached its destination.

-Not long since an Irish employee at the Walker House, Portland, adopted the following ingenious method to atone for a mistake. It seems he had been in the habit of calling up a boarder at precisely half past five o'clock in the morning; but one morning he called him at five o'clock. So when the boarder came down Pat called out to him: "Indado Sir, and faith I called you a little arely this morning. It is only five o'clock." "Ah!" said the boarder: Why did you call me so early?" "Why, and because, and be jabers, I missed my man, and called him half an hour too late; so, to make it up, I called you half an hour too arely !"

-"I hab hearn," said a colored preach-A kicking cow never lets drive until just | er, while enforcing the duty of liberality on his congregation, "ob many a church what hab died bekase it gib away too much. Ef any one ob you know ob any The fly is not a domestic but a friendly church ob dis kind, what died from liberality, jos tell me where it is, and I will They make their grand rush in the middle of June; they stay with us until the cold weather; some lose their lives early; some find a watery grave by getting drowned in what died in de Lord.